

# WOMAN'S WORLD



DECEMBER • 1936

10 CENTS A COPY

"THE NEW DRESS" by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

*Easily-made Gift Novelties in Needlework—New Fashions—Articles*

*And a Page of CANDIES AND COOKIES for CHRISTMAS*

# STORY LORE

# Dolls

For "you know who"—provided  
of course, that she's good



Look here, my children, and you shall see  
Hansel & Gretel as Dutch as can be;  
Little Black Sambo in red coat so bold  
Pants, shoes, umbrella in colors as told

Gingham Dog  
No. 128

Black Sambo  
No. 184

Goliwogg  
No. 185

We've seen miniature Goliwogs atop perfume bottles and real live Goliwogs dancing in a smart review, and somehow their startling inquisitive pertness is always irresistible! Our clever edition will be jolly amidst the pillows on a bed or sofa. He's 20 inches tall with bright blue, red, black and white, in proper solids, stripes and polka dots and his hair raising wig—ah, that's a secret, but it is all in the packet No. 185, all materials except stuffing.

Never was there a Story Lore girl with

more imagination than Alice, and so the lucky child who owns this Alice doll may step right into a wonderland of fun! She stands 16 inches high, with glossy brown hair pompadoured back, authentically cut apron and black felt slippers. Packet No. 922X contains the stamped cloth doll, 3 colors of embroidery thread, hair ribbon and yarn for her hair, felt shoes, organdie sleeves, collar and apron and dainty print dress. Lace and braid may be added if you choose, but they are not in the assortment.

They come cut and  
stamped, with all materials, ready to stuff  
and sew together



Alice in Wonderland No. 922X

Gretel  
No. 478G

Hansel  
No. 478H

Gingerbread  
Boy No. 183

Rooster  
No. 133

Order, my children, and sew as directed  
And there will evolve just as you have  
expected—

A Goliwogg, say—with such talent for  
knowledge  
Big sister will carry him right back to  
college!

The Black Sambo packet contains ever so many bits of material, enough for a brown boy with a black wool pigtail wig, red coat, blue trousers, purple shoes with crimson soles and the green umbrella of felt. He finishes 11 inches tall. All material except stuffing included in packet No. 184.

This cheery, cock-sure little rooster is either the crooner who joined the Bremen-town Musicians or the crower who refused to work for little Red Hen! Anyway he's just the thing for dad's sock on Christmas morning. His tail is three brilliant layers

of felt feathers with spots and top knot to match. He wears a w'scoat instead of wings, stands firmly 11 inches tall; all materials except kapok stuffing in packet No. 183.

Hansel and Gretel have the funniest round faces with sewed on ears and noses. Their wooden shoes are felt, but the rest of their clothes may be made of any bright materials from your scrap bag. Stamped muslin dolls, wig yarn, and embroidery threads are in the packets with cutting patterns and directions for their garments. They finish 12 inches tall. Han-

sel is No. 478H and Gretel No. 478G. How a sleepy toy will adore this cuddly, chubby gingerbread boy all made of lustrous ginger tan broadcloth. His raisin eyes and currant buttons are blue and purple, his mouth is orange peel color while the nose which was a blob of dough is a stuffed applique. Sugar white rickrack looks like it might have been squeaked from a pastry tube for his cap and jacket trim. He's 10 inches tall with stamped broadcloth, rickrack and four colors of embroidery thread included in packet No. 183.



Photo by  
Christina  
Solerti

## A CHRISTMAS Editorial

By AGNES  
SLIGH TURNBULL

EVERY Christmas season, like old Scrooge himself, I am visited by a ghost. But in contrast to his, mine is a very lively, very excited and happy person. It is, in fact, the little-girl-I-used-to-be. And along with her come the most nostalgic memories of Christmas as I used to know it in the small town of my childhood.

There were the snowy streets with the sweet metallic jingle of the sleigh bells ringing through them! There was the general store with its brave array of toys in the front window along with the tin pans and the felt boots! There was the old brick church lighted on Christmas Eve for the Sunday School entertainment! Oh, the bright cashmere dresses and the new hair ribbons ready for that great occasion! Oh, the recitations to be said and the songs to be sung! And oh, strangest of all, the tender hush that fell upon the audience when the old Sunday School superintendent stood forth to read:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

And at last, when the program was ended—can I ever forget the thrill of it—came the treat! Assorted candies in little paper boxes with just so many chocolate drops in each one (carefully counted, I assure you, by the Committee that packed them!) Then when all the children were quieted, the burst of voices came again in "Joy to the World," and the great public celebration was over.

### Honely Toys and Simple Joys

But as home the open fire was blazing, and the simple surprises were all ready to be put into the pendant stockings. Did you ever, I wonder, with childish pains, make a shaving-ball for your father? Or a velvet pen-wiper for your mother? And did

you ever on Christmas morning clasp to your breast in rapture some toy that can now be bought anywhere for a dime?

The truth is, of course, that the world has moved immeasurably far away from the kind of Christmas many of us knew in our childhood. There are now no more merry sleigh-bells on the air; there are fewer blazing hearth-stones in the land; there are no more waxen tapers on the tree. We have been borne resistlessly along in to a highly mechanistic age in which marvel jostles marvel, and even our very pleasures have become standardized miracles. The every-day toys of the average child are now so numerous and so wonderful that to find a new and unusual one for Christmas taxes the ingenuity and the purse of the parent.

Luxuries have become almost casually prevalent; ways of living have grown complex; there would seem to be little time or occasion left in these days for a festival of wonder.

But most serious of all, there come now to our ears the disquieting echoes from a troubled and turbulent world. Where is the peace on earth that seemed so imminent on the first Christmas Eve? Are we growing steadily farther from its fulfillment?

### Is the Spirit of Christmas Outmoded?

These are disturbing questions, which, when joined to the hurried and restless quality of our lives make it seem as though the spirit of the Christmas season is for us a thing outmoded and outgrown.

And yet, let us think again. Our world has changed stupendously, it is true. But have we? Are we women with our steam-heated houses, our telephones, radios, electric sweepers, and automobiles, very different fundamentally from our mothers

and grandmothers? Is it not true that in this very year of grace 1936, as we make the fruit cake and fill the turkey, we will be thinking the same thoughts that have occupied women's minds on like occasions for generations?

"Is there too much flour in the cake?"  
"Is it Uncle Bill who doesn't like sage in the dressing?"

"Will the cranberry jelly jell?"

And when we go to buy our gifts, even though we may shop in a luxurious emporium instead of between the cracker barrels in the old general store of a generation ago, our deepest desire will still be the same as that which dwelt in our mother's breast: the desire that the eager, expectant eyes of a little child shall be made to shine with pleasure on Christmas morning.

So, in thinking of this coming holiday season, I hope we can all cling hard to the tenderness and the simplicity that lies at the heart of Christmas. Let us fasten the holly to the door and set a lighted candle in the window to guide the little Christ Child on his way. Let us take time on Christmas; let us steal out for a moment under the stars to listen—even in this our day—for the song of the angels!

And although there be dark mutterings of storms upon the world's horizon, this too, is true. Wherever a good man and a good woman build a home upon love and draw into their own circle of light others who are less fortunate, there, indeed, is peace on earth.

So now, my friends,  
"Thy own wish wish I thee in every place;  
The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the cheer;  
Thine be the light of love in every face  
That looks on thee to bless thy coming year!"

\*\*\*\*\*

WOMAN'S WORLD is published at 684 N. Wacker Ave., Mount Morris, Ill., by Woman's World Publishing Co., Editorial and Executive Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Advertising Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Palmer Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; London Office, 4, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, England. Postmaster: Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Magazine of the Town and Country, published monthly, registered United States Patent Office. Copyright 1936, by the Town and Country Magazine Co., Inc., 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, July 18, 1912, at the Post Office at Mount Morris, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions: One year, \$6; thirty months, \$1.00; three years, \$1.25; four years, \$1.50.



# the New dress

By KATHARINE  
HAVILAND-TAYLOR

VERY young and engaged, Celie and Jim had never dreamed that they could be sharp with one another. It seemed simple; they wouldn't be like other people, that was all.

"But, dearest, how could we be?" he'd asked with an earnestness that made his voice shift and told of the fact that it had changed only a few years before.

"It is different with us," Celie agreed in hush. They'd both been utterly certain it was different. Why, they could see, it was plain, that their mothers and fathers and "other old people" hadn't felt what they did. "They don't know—"

They sat in the moonlight thinking of how different life and love would be for them. Sometimes their young eyes misted because—oh, it was so wonderful! He said, tone made harsh by hope, "I—I pray I'll never fall you in any way!"

It was so strange—for that was just the way she felt about him! She said so. And then—shaking her young head she gasped an "Oh!" that was constricted by the emotion that rose in her to fill her. For you simply couldn't say all you felt! Words—words were inadequate! But they had a life ahead of them in which they would say everything!

They sat, hands clasped tightly, looking ahead with hope and reverence and humbled gratitude and youth's own certainty that is made of iron.

"Last night," she said gently, after a soft, long sigh, "mother said father must have a new overcoat next winter and he was quite sharp, saying she needed a coat, and that—that's their love making!"

They laughed gently but with condescension. "Well, every one can't feel this!" he said. He kissed her hand lingeringly, he pressed it to his hot cheek. "Oh, Celie!" he whispered, adolescent hunger hallowed by being mixed with prayer.

SIMPLY thinking one another's names then meant admission to that misty, new, warm world in which one floated, a world in which every commonplace was changed. She had hurried to put away the laundry before her mother could get to it, "And always before, she had to ask me, Jim, and things like that!"

And he understood, it was that way with him; "I guess, come down to it, when people care like we do it kind of changes you," he mused aloud.

"That's just it!" she agreed eagerly. They never lacked subjects for talk; they never would, she knew. She'd never have to say, sharpness but half hidden with false sad-sounding patience, "Dear, are you listening?" Her poor mother! She must be very good

to her mother to make up to her for all she'd missed. Young emotions are thin and they spread; she wanted to be good to everyone; to be "worthy" of him! To be—oh! to be just wonderful because of him!

"JIM!" said Celie with a hint of whine, but three years later; she had changed; two babies in three years do change a woman, with the slow crystallizing realization that life isn't as you had thought it would be.

He was reading the morning paper and she had to speak again: "Jim!"

Um—  
"Jim, will you please listen for just a moment?" An edge to her voice and resentment in his as he answered, "Well, go to it! I'm listening!"

But he hadn't been! And he was looking at her not with ecstasy, but with fear; he knew what was coming and she had to ask it and he made it so hard!

"Jim, I have to have five dollars!" she said apologetically and then she stiffened, angered at herself, for she wasn't asking for it for herself.

He looked worried as he opened his lean bill fold; in a minute, she knew it he'd say, "Well, try to make it last!" And some morning when he said that she would scream peacock laughter and then there would be another Johnstown Flood . . . For he always said it, and she did try so to keep down expenses!

Breakfast was invariably hurried and raucous; the babies associated eating with noise; spoons banged on trays; crusts went to the floor if you didn't watch and there was so much to watch, with two of them! This morning she held Celie Second. She was teething and it made her cry so. She would draw up like an accordion and straightening she would let out a scream . . . And the people in the apartment below didn't like babies anyway; they'd never had any. It made it hard.

Jim said, wearily, "Try to make it last, will you, Celie?" as he laid the bill on the table. He was changed too; a strain too old for his years was in his eyes and his shabby wear framed this to bring it out. He'd been saving the five because he knew—a harsh swallow—he'd have to have a new suit pretty soon. You have to look fairly well when you go out selling. And the office manager had looked him over the week before in a way that was a sign-post.

He saw her face harden; she said hotly, jerkily, "Don't I always? From the way you talk, you'd think I—"

"Oh, for gosh sake, Celie," he appealed, rising. In a second now tear for the car!

Anger swelled in her; begging her to lay off when he'd started it! "Well, you always act as if I—" she



THERE WAS A DRESS IN ONE WINDOW

began, to break off with a sharp, "No, Junior!" But the silver spoon with the short, looped handle clattered to the floor.

"Maybe if you didn't give it back to him he wouldn't throw it around so," said Jim as he surveyed his son coldly; men didn't care for their children as women did, she'd learned.

"I've tried everything, do you think I'm—a fool?" "Well, in my opinion, you say too many noes. In those books we read before he came," he nodded toward his son, "it said not to say no."

She answered, shaking-up with the baby three

A STORY THAT REACHES TO THE HEART OF HOME LIFE AND

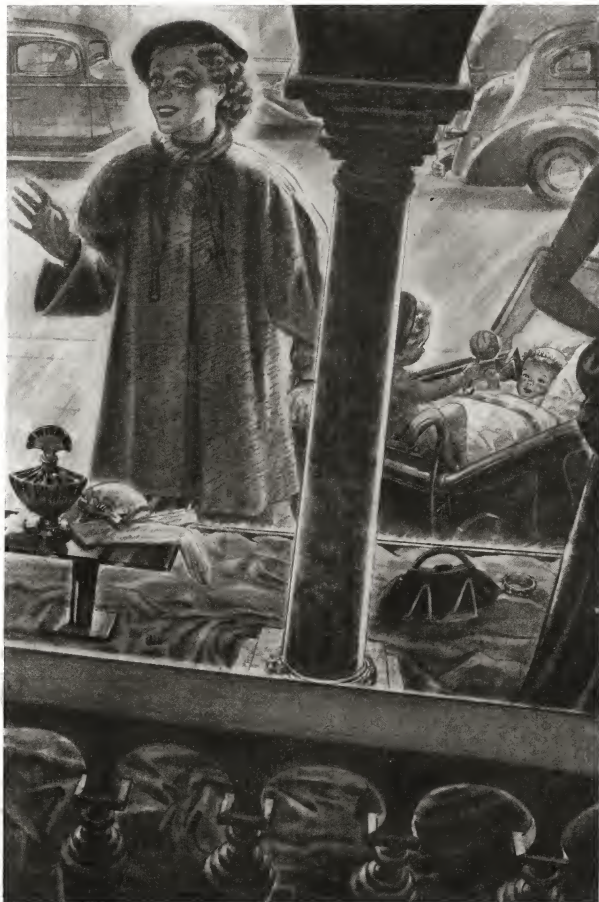


Illustration by MARTHE MOORE

Now, so much of the time she was afraid that some one else would have him. Marriage wasn't the end of doubt; it was the beginning of it. Love wasn't certainty; it was fear . . . Her hair that had been so lovely now needed petting. It was unmanageable . . . She thought a lot about her hair; he had spoken, casually, about the pretty hair of one of the office girls . . . She had transferred to those careless words, weight from the dragging hours when she was alone, when she thought—thought—thought.

The baby squirmed in her tired arms; she jiggled her a little . . . If she could, somehow, get a new, becoming dress and have—her hair waved . . . he might see her again! Her hair would be pretty if she had time to fuss with it. If some night they could get some one to stay with the babies and they could—go out.

"No, Junior!"

THE change was so gradual; you hardly noticed it until it was made. She'd contributed to it, too, she knew. Some days dead to him, she felt nothing even akin to love. Yet all days she knew that fear of losing him; it was her dominating thought. Those office girls; they spent so much on clothes. They could. And men didn't reason; they just saw and enjoyed and—life wasn't fair.

"But I have the children!" They made everything worth while even on the bad days. Her arm tightened around the baby . . . He seemed to blame her when they cried; she felt she had to stand between him and his children . . . A thousand times, she knew, she'd said "But Jim, Junior's only a baby, he's only two—"

But he went on talking of his need for quiet and of how he must be fresh for work in the office. Life was hard! Was he at this very minute admiring that girl's hair? Sharp, short breath . . . She must get to work, she realized, there was a lot to do; there always was.

Now Junior, fed, was throwing crusts to the floor; man child . . . But—she'd changed too. Oh, everything was too mixed to think through. "I'll have to get started!" she thought, sitting sagged in her chair . . . Letting the babies play for a while; bathing them; they were growing heavy and her back ached so much of the time. Then naps and turning to what she called, "The work" and doing that with one ear toward the nursery and with the soft pedal on . . . for if they get to sleep you want them to stay so!

"I'll have to get started," she thought again.

She carried the baby to the crib and after that she put Junior into his floor pen. Jim had mentioned that girl with the lovely hair but (Continued on page 17)

THAT WAS JUST EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE OF WHICH SHE'D BEEN DREAMING

hours in the night and—dead! "If you stayed at home and took care of them—just—one—day, Jim!"

HIS face stiffened. She was always complaining. And gosh, at the office, he had worries of his own; people didn't want new roofs and it was sell, or out! He felt grieved slipping into his shabby overcoat and too tired for the start of day . . . Little Celie had howled so in the night . . . He said, with the appeal men make, "Well, good-bye" and hoped she'd soften, for—it made a difference, but her response was made in a small, tight voice that he knew, surrounded, her female grief.

He hesitated, but he couldn't be late . . . They were still laying men off now and again and—you never knew. And he had to have work . . . "They wouldn't lay off a man with a wife and two children," he thought faithfully, looking more haggard all the time.

Celie wiped her eyes on the skirt of the baby's night-dress. Then, by holding her tightly, she managed to get a sip of coffee . . . Jim, going off like that and she did try so hard to make the money reach! She remembered his saying, "We won't have much," and her response, a valiant song of certainty: "Won't have much? Why, we'll have each other!"

REVEALS THE SACRIFICES THAT ARE THE GLORY OF LOVE

## by Ruth Moore Morris

*The story of a woman who thought she was a failure*

OLD Elizabeth Mallory was cleaning out her desk. The top-heavy walnut secretary had come across the plains into the Southwest by wagon train, and it had served the Mallory family ever since. In the locked glass case were yellowed, calf-bound account books.

The market price of maize, when Texas was fighting to be a Republic, and one Mallory had gone to his death at the Battle of San Jacinto. The price of grapes for the wine presses when Texas had become the Lone Star State, and another Mallory was circuit judge meting out justice to rustlers, and gentlemen of the gambling profession who used guns too freely.

But the records Elizabeth was sorting did not deal with grapes or Indian corn, with the price of cotton seed or the early cutting of alfalfa. They were marks of passing and failure for more than twenty-five years—twenty-five years that Elizabeth had been teaching high school English, Freshman English, Sophomore, Junior, Senior. Today it seemed to old Elizabeth that they were all marks of failure. Her failure.

Well, the best thing to do was to burn them. Get them out of the way. After today she wouldn't need them. After what the President of the School Board had said. What he was going to say tonight—publicly. "We are unanimous in recognizing your services to our public schools, Miss Mallory, but in view of curtailing expenses, and, ahem—" he had coughed gently at this point—"and of your age, it seems best to me, and the Board concurs with my opinion—"

Her age! Elizabeth sniffed in a fashion calculated to crack the eastern-acquired veneer of manner, which the School Board's new President used for protective coloration against the more hearty and direct manners of the West. How old did he think she was, anyway? Didn't he know that she'd started teaching school when she was eighteen, and gone to summer normal every summer for the four following years to get her first grade certificate?

THAT was another trouble. He wanted no one but college graduates on the faculty—college graduates with advanced ideas. Elizabeth sniffed again. Maybe he didn't know it, but unless the Mallorys met violent death, they kept right on advancing until they were eighty, and made a good job of it, too!

Of course he didn't know that. He couldn't be expected to. He didn't know the Mallorys, and he didn't know this part of the country. He'd come out here with cash in the bank—when the rest of them were trying to struggle along on credit—and bought up property, a great deal of property, at prices the first settlers would have been glad to pay the Indians. Then he'd begun by interfering in civic affairs, and ended by getting himself elected President of the School Board. The rest of the Board followed him—and his ready-



# CANDLE

made opinions—like a lot of sheep, who couldn't see a fence when they came to it.

Elizabeth reached across the wide sill, and flung open the window beside her abruptly. Timoteo was probably working in the garden, and he could carry these composition books away. Then they'd be out of the house—out of her thoughts. But the garden was empty. A sharp December breeze rattled the leaves of the cotton woods until they sounded like examination papers before the closing bell. It whipped past the rose bushes still in their swaddling clothes of sackcloth. But one or two of them were already beginning to show small, courageous buds.

Those roses were famous. Timoteo had them blooming every year before the season for any rose in the upper Rio Grande Valley. Yellow roses, whose fragrance old Elizabeth was convinced, was like the spicy fragrance of the myrrh and the frankincense the Wise Men had brought across the desert that other December—nineteen centuries, and thirty-six years ago.

*Velas de vida*, Timoteo called them. Candles of life. Candles that he brought to life! In another week, their pale yellow flames would begin to light the garden. But Timoteo wouldn't be here to tend those flames. On a pension of fifty dollars a month, she couldn't afford

to keep him on—no matter how long or how faithfully he had served her.

ELIZABETH didn't want to think about that. No use being sentimental at her age. Age? Maybe she was getting old! Maybe she was like a worn-out fire horse, who still tried to limp out of his stall when the gong clanged. Maybe she ought to be pensioned—retired—She banged the window shut. But not before a paper, from her desk, had fluttered to the floor.

"Aunt Elizabeth, what's this?"

Julie was at the door. Julie was old Elizabeth's niece. She swooped down on the folded paper. Julie had a way of swooping, like a graceful winged bird. A red-winged black bird. That was what she was like today in her scarlet wool frock. Her black hair shining and brushed into crisp black curls at her neck.

"It looks like a police court report: Any news of the missing Henrietta Fredericks will be appreciated! Who is the mysterious, missing Henrietta Fredericks?"

"She isn't mysterious. And that's no police court report. It's a twentieth reunion bulletin of the class of 1916. Too many detective stories, that's your trouble! Twenty years ago I tried to teach Henrietta English—and couldn't. That's all."





"SHE IS A REMARKABLE WOMAN, MY SECRETARY." THE YOUNG MAN WENT ON. "BUT I UNDERSTAND THERE IS A MORE REMARKABLE WOMAN HERE TONIGHT."

Illustrated by MAY C. BURKE

couldn't go to college? And shoved them through their entrance exams if they did go? Isn't this house full of rose jars, and marmalade jars, and knitted afghans from grateful parents? All they haven't sent you is one of those samplers that says, 'God Bless Our Little Mallory'—I Why, darling—darling, what's the matter? You've been crying!"

Elizabeth smoothed down her frizzled, coffee-colored bangs, and denied that in her best English class manner. The window had been open, and some dust had blown in her eyes. That was all there was to it.

But she hadn't convinced Julie. "That's what you say! But you're holding out on me. Ever since that oily hippopotamus came out from the school board, there's been something on your mind. Tell me about it, Aunt Elizabeth!"

ELIZABETH had no intention of telling her. Time enough after Christmas. She had no intention of spoiling the first holidays Julie had ever spent here with her own humiliation.

She clung to her schoolroom manner as being safest, "I scarcely think he would appreciate being described as an oily hippopotamus. Think of his dignity."

"Forget his dignity. It's all put on, anyway! I want to know why he left his arm chair to come all the way down here?"

Elizabeth was cornered. She decided on part of the truth, because there wasn't any use trying to put anything over on Julie—as Julie would have phrased it. Julie was wise beyond her years. "He came to see about the house. He said if we ever wanted to sell, he'd take it off our hands at a good price."

"I hope you put him in his place! Doesn't he know the Mallorys have always lived here, and that they're going to keep on living here? Doesn't he know this is home!"

Home! That was what the first Mallory, that wild Irish lad, had thought when he saw the lazy brown Rio Grande between its emerald green banks. He had thought of the blue mountain peaks, fluted like cathedral organs, as a fortress to protect his home. He had built a low-lying adobe house, thick-walled against Indian arrows. There he had stayed, and after him his descendants until the sixth generation, turning the alluvial soil of the River bottoms—where once only cattails and willows had grown—into vineyards and fields of alfalfa and cotton. It wouldn't be easy to leave all that—to turn it over to a stranger.

"You wouldn't think of selling, would you, Aunt Elizabeth? It would be like taking your heart out and selling it! There—I'm going dramatic on you again—it's that wretched bulletin! But I've never been so glad to be any place in my life."

There was an awkward knock, which Timoteo did not wait to have answered. Timoteo considered that once he had knocked, his passport of entry had been signed, sealed and accomplished. Timoteo had been inherited along with the house. Not even Elizabeth, or for that matter the aged Mexican, himself, had any idea of the number of his years.

He had made bird whistles for Elizabeth and Julie's father when they were chil- (Continued on page 11)

# OF LIFE



Julie laughed. She laughed as easily and as contagiously as her reckless—and, Elizabeth was afraid, feckless—father used to laugh when he was her age. Julie's father had inherited the wandering spirit of the first Mallory, the young Irish adventurer, who had come overland from the Gulf of Mexico with one of the early Spanish expeditions. Just now, Julie's father was in Tibet on one of his wild goose chases. So Julie was here—for her first Christmas at home. The rest of her twenty Christmases had been spent, Heaven knew where. Sometimes Julie talked gaily enough about the adventures she and her father had shared. A Christmas in China. One in Boston, where they had stood in the snow and listened to the carols on Beacon Hill. A jolly old-fashioned Christmas in the English countryside. But there were other Christmases she failed to mention—out of loyalty to her father, Elizabeth was sure. Wandering around the world like a couple of gypsies without a crust between them, half the time, Well, Julie was here at last. And old Elizabeth had meant to keep her here. But now—

Julie handed the bulletin to her aunt, "How long has the missing Henrietta been missing, darling?"

"Probably," Elizabeth told her, "since she got her diploma. None of them bothered to think of her from

that day to this. She wasn't the kind you thought about. If I'd given her a little more thought, I might have taught her something. And now," Elizabeth added harshly, "she is the missing Henrietta Fredericks!"

"You're an absurd aunt! You sound positively bitter about it. A minute ago you were telling me that she wasn't actually missing that was only their sense of humor in the bulletin. And now you sound as if it were a tragedy!"

"It is," Elizabeth said. "I could have given her a chance. That was what I was there for. That was what the school board was paying me for. I failed, Julie. I've probably failed a good part of my life, and I've been too blind to see it!"

JULIE threw her arms around her, "You know, you are an idiot! Doesn't everybody say you've been the mainstay and backbone of these darned old public schools? Haven't you mothered and fathered the children—and brought them out here and made them read? Haven't you taught them history as well as English? And given them some idea of what it was all about? Life, I mean—if you want me to go dramatic!"

"Haven't you seen to it that they got jobs if they



"DO NOT WEEP FOR ME," HE SAID. "WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP?"

ARDETH stood by the wide window, gazing out upon the valley—by the window where, only a few nights ago, there had come to her something beautiful beyond naming. A witching, it must have been, she thought now; a madness induced by dreaming—for she had dreamed shy young dreams about him she knew as John Pembroke. Still on her lips seemed to linger his caress and the memory of him was strong in her heart. Had power been given her to call him back, as she watched his slow passage along the winding road, she might have recalled him. All her life had been marked by wild and hasty fits of temper and the rash acts that temper induced. But her thoughts had not been pleasant as she walked towards the orchard—and then to see Jane Marchbanks' head resting upon his shoulder, her hands upon his arm—

Jane's swift footfall behind her—She turned angrily; she had been waiting for Jane. She stared searchingly, accusingly at her cousin, and as accusingly, as hotly, the dark girl looked at her.

"You have sent him away!" said Jane bitterly, reproach in every syllable, in the quick gesture of her hands. "Ardeth, why did you do a thing so cruel and uncalled for? I can guess what you thought. Perhaps did I love a man—"

"I do not love him!"

"Had you not loved him, you would never have condemned him unheard; even had there been anything for which to condemn him. But I tell you he means nothing to me. He was a friend, I admired him—no more than that."

"Say you so? And can I believe? Had this been yesterday, had it been even this morn-

# At the SIGN of the Falcon

Concluding a novel of  
seventeenth century romance by

Louis Arthur Cunningham

ing I might have thought little of seeing you thus with him. But what kind of a woman are you, Jane Marchbanks?"

Stark, unbelieving astonishment caused Jane's frail body to stiffen, seemed to make it rigid as if it had become stone. And in her eyes was a look of hurt, mortal, piteous. It was long before she could speak—a long, terribly silent moment and in that moment all the harshness, the doubt, the accusation went from Ardeth, as if they had been chaff and a purging flame had swept them. She ran to her cousin, gathered Jane into her arms and pressed her cheek against Jane's that was cold.

"FORGIVE ME, Jane! Sweet, kind, loving you have ever been to me. I am sorry I did say that hideous thing. What matters it to me if—You do not hate me for it, Jane—say you do not hate me! But I saw the letter that you left lying on my desk. 'Twas open. Before I thought that it was yours I had seen—"

Jane Marchbanks nodded understanding. Ardeth felt the forgiving pressure of her fingers.

"It was careless of me to leave it lying there. No doubt to one who did not know the truth—it would look as if the child that Nurse Darnley spoke so tenderly about was mine own. You did think that, Ardeth? And for that you hated to see me near him. Aye, I cried when I read about the little one and because of that letter and all the memories it awakened I could not stay in this room last night. I had to go and lay my face against the pillow and cry and cry."

"Jane! Oh—tell me! What is it that pains you so? I have been most cruel to you. But who then is—"

"Moyra—it was Moyra's little boy of whom our nurse wrote. You know she died before you came to England—"

"Your sister! But Jane, she was so young—"

"Aye, she was young and she believed and—oh, sometimes I hate to be a woman, Ardeth. I hate it—because of what some men are."

"But this man! Surely—you knew?"

Jane looked with intinence at Ardeth, with a scrutiny so close and wild that it was unnerving. Ardeth started to question its reason, but Jane stayed her.

"Wait. Tell me, do you love this youth you sent from your side? Tell me in all honesty, for much more than you can realize depends upon your answer. Do not speak hastily, but tell me from your heart—do you love him, Ardeth?"

"I love him, only him. From the moment I met him something in me went—went into his keeping and I can never (Continued on page 26)



*Bet you never  
heard of this before -  
Chocolate Almond Cake*

**But remember... you  
can't get cake like this  
with ordinary flour!**



**I**F you want to be first in your crowd to serve the cake that's going to be the hit of this holiday season and the fad of months to come...

Just try this Chocolate Almond Cake. It's a new flavor-trick in cakes! It's extra-large, too—enough to serve a whole party.

**BUT REMEMBER**—it's a *Swans Down* Cake. *Swans Down* Cake Flour—and only *Swans Down*—can give you as lovely a cake as the one that posed for this page. You'll never get that velvety tenderness—that wonderfully rich deliciousness—if you use ordinary flour instead.

Why? Because ordinary flours contain a tough, elastic gluten—excellent for bread-making—but too resistant for delicate cake mixtures.

But the gluts in *Swans Down* Cake Flour is super-delicate. So unusually tender it responds perfectly to "quick" cake leavens. And *Swans Down* is 27 times finer than ordinary flour!

#### CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE

- (Serves 12)  
2½ cups sifted *Swans Down* Cake Flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon soda  
1 cup butter or other shortening  
2 cups sugar  
3 eggs, well beaten  
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted  
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk  
2 teaspoons vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly and sugar gradually, and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well, then chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased loaf pan, 13" x 9" x 4 inches, in hot oven (325° F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Remove cake from pan, cut in halves crosswise and trim to straighten edges. Put together with Toasted Almond Filling between layers and Mocha Chocolate Frosting on top and sides of cake. Decorate top with shredded toasted almonds, if desired.

#### Toasted Almond Filling

Cook 1 cup chopped blanched almonds slowly in 4 tablespoons butter until well-coated, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add 2 tablespoons top milk. Then add 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar gradually, stirring constantly. Sift in dash of salt and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Cool until thick enough to spread. (For an luxurious filling, use ½ or ¾ of this recipe.)

#### Mocha Chocolate Frosting

Cream 2 tablespoons butter and 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar gradually, blending thoroughly. Add ½ teaspoon salt, and 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted, and mix well. Then add 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, alternately with ½ cup strong coffee, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. (All measurements are level.)



## SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR



**Looking for gifts? Get this bargain!**

**New Improved Swans Down Cake Set**—a wonderful aid to easier, better baking! Set consists of standard measuring spoons (aluminum); cherry wood mixing paddle; heavy square cake pan (tin); patent angel food pan (tin); wire cake tester; standard measuring cup (aluminum); batter scraper or steel spatula, copy of "Latest Cake Secrets", sample of *Swans Down* Cake Flour. See bargain price below!

(Check the offer you prefer, we'll pay the postage.)  
Frances Lee Burton, General Foods  
Bardle Creek, Mich.

Enclosed is 10¢ (stamps or coin), for a copy of "Latest Cake Secrets."  
Please send me one complete *Swans Down* Cake Set, as described above, for which I enclose \$1.00 (\$1.25, Denver and West; \$1.20 in Canada, including postage and duty; \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. Possessions).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Fill in completely—print name and address.) If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (This offer expires July 1, 1937.)



Photo Courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

A GLASS CRYSTAL LAMP WITH SILK SHADE MAKES THIS CORNER OF THE LIVINGROOM INTERESTING

**A**LIGHTED lamp is likely to be the greatest center of interest in any room. For this reason lamps more than any other decorative accessory repay handsomely for the thought and money spent in their selection. Sufficient time should be allowed to try the lamp in the room, for a lamp should not only be beautiful in itself, but it should also fit into the decorative scheme of the room in which it is placed.

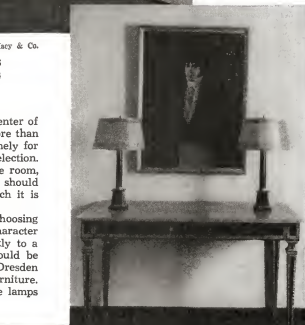
There are many things to take into consideration in choosing the type and color of a lamp. First of all, there is the character of the room, for while one does not have to keep strictly to a period, a certain consistency or degree of elegance should be maintained. Thus one would not want to see a delicate Dresden figure as a lamp base in a room of masculine modern furniture. However, unless a room is strictly period decoration the lamps may be anything that is generally attractive and harmonious. The size of the lamp is an important factor. To determine this one must know the size of the table on which the lamp is to stand. The table on which the lamp stands will not only dictate the height of the lamp but also its general contour.

**L**AMPS are placed in a room for light and also for their decorative qualities. For this latter reason the background is a determining factor. What is the setting or particular situation in the room? What colors should the lamp be? Should it be plain or figured and should it be dark or light in tone? How many lamps are necessary for the proper lighting of the room and how many are desirable in the decorative scheme of the room?

A lamp naturally forms a center of interest being placed in a furniture grouping with a table and a chair or two, at the ends of a sofa, or near a desk. Most rooms will accommodate one or two large lamps and several small ones. One large lamp on a table and a pair of smaller lamps that can be placed at sofa ends or on twin tables on either side of a fireplace is a satisfactory lighting arrangement for a medium sized living room.

Lamps in the same room do not need to be identical in the materials of their bases or shades, but too great a dissimilarity is to be avoided as is too much difference in the sizes of the lamps. Decorative consistency which is determined by texture, pattern and proportions should always be followed.

Whether you choose a bowl or pedestal base for your lamp depends partly upon your own desires and partly



THIS MODERN LAMP BASE OF CORK WITH SIMPLE SHADE HARMONIZES WITH MODERN SETTING



upon the space on your table. Of course, for a small table a pedestal or a tall slender base is most satisfactory, but the bowl lamp is less formal and is also more decorative.

Vases for lamps may be had in a variety of shapes and sizes. Their contours range from the curves that match a Queen Anne leg to the square sides of modern

pottery. Undoubtedly some of the most attractive porcelain and pottery bases are the Oriental. Fine old Chinese porcelain and pottery may be used when the purse allows, but there are also modern reproductions that are excellent in shape and coloring. There are patterned bases with birds and flowers or figures and many colors but I think the most desirable are those of one color with smooth or self-toned patterned surface. There are the black glossy potteries that reflect the colors of the room, soft oyster whites which fit into any color scheme, and a variety of tans, grays and soft gray greens, as well as a beautiful oxblood red and the many blues. Fine reproductions are also made in the famous green and orange brown of old Chinese pottery, and of pottery mottled in the baking. All these oriental reproductions are quite inexpensive. A little higher in price are the Rockwood potteries and the pottery of American and European craftsmen. For more expensive bases there are old and modern cloisonné vases, bronze vases and Chinese figures in jadeite, crystal and other semi-precious stones. Dresden or Chelsea

figures make dainty lamps for bedrooms or for French styles of decoration. There are also lovely cream white lamp bases made of Lennox china. And for simpler rooms jars of copper and brass and American glass may serve as lamp bases.

The best pedestal lamps follow the styles of the various historic periods of (Continued on page 11)

## Candle of Life

(Continued from page 1)

dren. He had worked in the rose garden then, just as he did now. He had helped with the *posadas*, the ancient Spanish Christmas pageant of the Journey to the Inn. Every year he had brought out the small figures of Joseph and Mary and the babe in the manger, that had been carved nearly a century ago for the first Christmas celebration in the chapel, of what had then been the great Mallory hacienda.

Look, *Señoritas*. I have brought the *piñata*. This time it is not a small one. He set the earthenware jar on the floor between them. "This time it will hold the presents, no matter how many of the little ones in the graduating class come to the *fiesta*."

Timoteo always called Elizabeth's pupils, affectionately, the little ones, no matter what their age or pretensions to diplomas happened to be. Unless he happened to take a dislike to them, and then they became, automatically, the bad ones. The bad one with the red hair. The bad one with the crooked nose. He didn't bother with names.

Julie laughed. "I should say it will hold all the presents! It is big enough to hold all of the forty tribes, and it's the same shape as the jars they hid in. Timoteo, you're wonderful! How many will be here, Aunt Elizabeth?"

Old Elizabeth replied vaguely that she didn't know. She wasn't going to admit, yet, that the President of the Board of Education had suggested that he didn't care for this idea of a Christmas party. He had said he thought it might be better to—his word had been "eliminate" it. He had said other things, unpleasant things, about that party, which had been a yearly institution ever since Elizabeth Mallory had been teaching school. No use going into that now. She would know

his final decision at the banquet tonight. "Well, however many there'll be, let's get going! I feel Christmas in the air, and so does Timoteo. Come on, Aunt Elizabeth. We can get out the figures. We can set up the altar. I know how it's done. I've seen it in Spain." Julie had already swooned out toward the hall.

"You two go ahead. I haven't time. I have to dress for the reunion."

Julie stopped. "Why, I thought the reunion was to be out here," she wailed. "You said reunions almost always were. And I was looking forward to meeting the author of that bulletin!"

Elizabeth smiled when she thought what Julie would probably have said to the pompous secretary of the class of '15 and the Chamber of Commerce, who had thought up that line about the missing Henrietta Fredericks. "We'll have to put the pleasant off. The reunion was to have been here, but your Oily Hippopotamus has found such a distinguished speaker for the evening, that he decided the occasion was worthy of a banquet—in town."

Elizabeth didn't add the other reason for having a banquet in town. That, in a sense, she would be the guest of honor. That they would present her with a handsome fitted travelling case, or something equally useless. That they would make long-winded oratorical comments on her service to the community, her many years spent in serving the youth of the Southwest. . . .

"Who is this guest speaker, who's so distinguished he can't take time off to come out here?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "I have no idea. That seems to be the President of the Board's secret. I'll let you know when I come home."

(Continued on page 14)

## A Little Light

(Continued from page 10)

decoration. There are those of Italian and Spanish origin which have the contours of old carved wooden candleabra, and pedestals of simple classical columns and Empire pedestal lamps with frosted glass shades and hanging prisms.

Of course there are many already assembled lamps on the market today, but the supply of materials and accessories is also so complete that one should not hesitate to assemble one's own lamp and shade. When one buys a lamp base, chooses the shade, or better still has a shade made to order, selects a final shade, the lamp resulting is so much more individual and distinctive than time and money spent are well repaid in added decorative interest for the room.

Lamps may be wired for as low as \$3.00, and stands vary in price from the imitation teakwood at \$25 up, according to size, to real teakwood at several dollars. Blocks of wood and metal also serve as stands. Finials, which together with the base, give a lamp that professional look, can be had in carved ivory and metal in various colors, jadeite, or Dresden china. These range from 75c up.

Both silk and parchment shades may be bought already made and are less expensive unless one can make their own. However, if you count on the department store supply your style will be literally cramped. A shade made especially designed for a lamp. This is possible since metal frames can be made in all styles, the price ranging from \$1.00 up. Fongee or ruffled silk make good tailored shades and may be found in contrasting colors. Taffetas are also smart for shades, especially the antique taffetas. One manufacturer makes a lace-like material which has Chinese patterns. This material comes in a wide range of colors. In tan over a rose china silk with a white lining next to the light this material makes an effective shade which is warm

in the daylight and rose when the lights are lit.

Simpler shades may be made of parchment which may be painted or decorated with old prints.

However, the material, size and shape of your shade as well as its coloring will depend upon the lamp base and the room in which the lamp is to be placed. As to size, a lamp shade should usually be less than half of the height of its base and should be adjusted so that the bottom edge of the shade is just even with the top edge of the vase, thus covering the fixtures. This adjustment gives the best appearance and the most satisfactory light. Of course the exact height of the shade will have to be determined by the proportions of the vase. Be careful not to have the shade too large or the lamp will look too heavy and if too small, it will look skimpy. The general shape of the shade may be determined by the base of the jar. A jar with a round bottom looks best with a shade with a round bottom and a jar with an oval or a square base should have the shade designed accordingly. The contours of the vase will decide the exact type of line for the shade—that is, whether its side should be straight slanted or curved, and if curved, the exact type of the curve.

Lamps should form a unit with a few pieces of furniture and their tone and color should add to the room in the daylight, and their light lend charm and usefulness at night.

The placing of lamps in a room is almost as important as their selection. All of the lamps should obviously not be in one end of a room, nor should they be given light at the different points of room interest such as at the fireplace, at a desk, and beside a sofa.

# COLDS

go quicker when you do these two things:

1. CLEANSE THE INTESTINAL TRACT
2. HELP NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY



## Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"WHEN A COLD comes your way," modern physicians will tell you, "you can often help throw it off more quickly by doing certain simple things." Here are two "first steps" to take:

- 1.—Cleanse the intestinal tract.
- 2.—Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

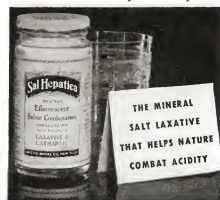
You can do both these things at once by taking *Sal Hepatica*!

For not only does this mineral salt laxative cleanse the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but *Sal Hepatica* helps Nature combat acidity. In this way *Sal Hepatica* aids your system to return to its normal alkalinity.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of taking both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

So be modern. Whenever a cold comes your way, take *Sal Hepatica* . . . two teaspoons in a glass of water. In addition,

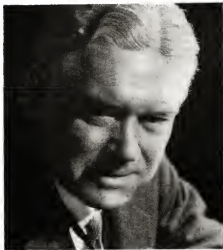
get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get a bottle of *Sal Hepatica* today.



TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight!"—Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Every Wednesday night—N. B. C. coast to coast.



# Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



**YOUR** doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

## WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should not form a habit.
- It should not over-act.
- It should not cause stomach pains.
- It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

## EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made it the largest-selling laxative in the world.

## ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children.

## THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. G 126, P. O. Box 170, Times-Place Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

**EX-LAX**  
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

## SORED THE

*Some Interesting and Authoritative Information on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of "Common Cold."*

**A**NY time, from now until spring chases away the snowdrifts and brings back the sun, you can walk into the office of a big businessman, if you happen to know any such, and see him leaning lugubriously on his desk, chin in one hand, sodden handkerchief in the other, eyes streaming, nose in dull but angry glow, and sneeze echoing upon sneeze.

"The god a code—just a cobbold code," he says.

Dodging a sneeze, you reply, "Is that so? Then why don't you go home—I mean home—and go to bed?"

"Oh, ha-choo, excuse me," he says, "it's dothig. Just a code."

If that setting doesn't please your fancy, choose your place to look in—the school, the factory, the home, the restaurant, the store, the streetcar, the bus, the train. Anywhere there are people, you will find colds. Plenty of them—400 million is what you call plenty. That's an average of three colds a year for every man, woman and child in the United States. No wonder they got the name "common cold." Some people never have colds—or hardly ever—others make up for them with one after another. Only man and the ape is susceptible to colds, and sometimes man seems to act like an ape when he has one.

## An Elusive Germ

Science knows a lot about the cold, but there is a lot more that nobody knows, and still more that everybody seems to know and nobody pays any attention to. Science knows, for example, that the cold is undoubtedly due to an infection, not any of the common germs, but with a living substance or creature too small to spy with any known microscope, and too small to be captured with any filter now known, however fine its grain. This substance lives, as shown by the fact that it has been grown for fifteen "generations" on artificially prepared nutritive material; apes can be made to have colds by spraying their throats with a solution which has gone through the finest filters and in which no ordinary bacteria can be demonstrated. But there is more to it. Infection appears to be necessary in order to have a cold—don't worry, your friends will see to that—yet it takes more than infection.

## Diet Plays a Part

It appears that diet may have something to do with colds, though nobody knows as yet just how much. It would be nice and easy if we could just say that plenty of vitamin A—that means butter, cream, carrots and other golden-yellow fruits and green vegetables and fish oils like cod, salmon, halibut and percomorph—will protect us against infection. Or vitamin C—oranges, lemons, grapefruit, cabbage and other fresh fruits and vegeta-

bles. Or vitamin D—cod liver oil and margarine and vitamin D milk. Unfortunately we cannot.

It is quite true that deprivation of vitamin A may lead to increased susceptibility to infection, since it seems to have some function connected with maintaining the integrity of the mucous membranes which line the body, but that is not the same as saying that an excess over what is necessary to maintain normal nutrition, will be any help in protecting the body against colds. There is certainly no warrant for adding vitamins to cough mixtures. Or depending on huge doses of vitamin C to protect against colds.

Very much the same comment applies to vitamin D, the cod liver oil vitamin, sometimes called the sunshine vitamin because taking it has the same effect upon the disease rickets, as has plenty of sunshine. The vitamin D situation with respect to colds is somewhat complicated. Laboratory experiments show no basis for considering the taking of cod liver oil a satisfactory prophylaxis for colds, but clinical observations and the experiences of patients seem to give some evidence of benefit. Since taking cod liver oil or one of the other preparations of vitamin D in moderate doses, is perfectly safe, and since the availability of pleasant tasting tablets and other forms of cod liver oil removes the objections to the oil itself, both on the score of taste and of unwanted calories, there would seem to be no harm and at least the possibility of benefit from this measure. It is a best, of course, to see the doctor about it first, for advice as to appropriate dosage and preparation to be selected. Of course, no matter what the doctor decides about using vitamin preparations, a well balanced diet including plenty of fruits and vegetables (vitamins to you) is a requisite for good health. Good general health seems to be the best protection. If not against colds themselves, at least against their more serious complications. To this extent, it may be said that a good diet may contribute to protection against colds.

## Body Chemistry a Factor

Another factor must be considered in connection with colds, namely the body metabolism or chemistry. The normal body is alkaline, with a strong alkaline

reserve in the blood and tissue fluid which enables them to resist acidification. A number of your good friends undoubtedly assure you that they have acid systems. Aside from their dispositions, you may be sure that they have not—if they are alive. True acidity is incompatible with life. In health, we are over on the alkaline side without any special effort to get there, as long as we eat a reasonably well balanced diet, of which I repeat the essentials at the risk of becoming tedious—namely milk, fresh fruits, vegetables, eggs, butter, starchy foods, meats and not too many fancy foods, pastries, fried foods, and condiments. Abuses of dietary hygiene, which have been called candy and pastry jags, may indirectly favor the acquiring of a cold when the contact is made, as you may be sure it will be. As I said before, your friends will bring you all the colds you can use, and some to boot.

## Influence of Climate

Contact, chemistry—two important factors—are abetted by a third, climate. Colds are diseases of the fall, winter and spring, especially October and January. So-called summer colds are often not colds at all, but manifestations of allergy (hay fever and asthma) which have superficial similarity to colds but are fundamentally different in that they have nothing to do with infection. But real summer colds may occur. Colds are primarily a winter disease, yet not necessarily a cold-weather disease. Eskimos do not have colds unless they are in contact with civilization; similar experiences have been recorded with white colonies (Spitzbergen) living in isolation in cold climates and escaping colds until the supply ships appeared in the spring, bringing with them human beings, civilization, and colds. Climate, then, is only an accessory factor; the infection is necessary. On the other hand, tropical climates do not favor colds. It seems reasonable to conclude, and students of the common cold do so conclude, that while climate is a factor, it operates largely through secondary effects. Cold weather drives the population indoors and out of the sun; it often affects their winter diet unfavorably; it favors spread of infection; it makes the body more pro-

(Continued on page 13)

## (Continued from page 12)

13



## (Continued from page 11)



**D**RIVING into town that evening, in the battered old car that had carried her so faithfully to school five mornings a week, every week from September to June, she thought of the days that would seem not to be driving in any more. She thought of the clear bright mornings in the autumn when the sun shone down on the fields of golden brown. Of cold windy mornings in February and early March when the sun was hidden behind a mass of grey clouds. Of the warm sunny spring mornings when the pink of mock almond blossoms made the countryside look like a Western. Faith.

She thought of Timoteo and his simple faith. His comforting, "Vaya con Dios—Go with God, Señorita." His endless "Vaya con Dios, Señorita." Yes, that was it. This was the Christmas season. The season when hope had first been born. If she went with God, He

Perhaps she could even persuade the Board to let her take her pension as a salary, and go on teaching, so that she wouldn't be retired—out of things! Then she would be able to charge for the tutoring she had always given freely. Julie could take over some of the practical details of the ranch—housekeeping, the bookkeeping. That way she and Julie might be able to manage.

She might even mention it to the President of the Board tonight, if he were in an amiable mood—no use leaving everything to faith. Work was equally important in the scheme of things. What was it about those who helped themselves?

But once inside the hotel it seemed to Old Elizabeth that not only her faith, but her ability to plan evaporated. The steam radiators were hissing noisily. It was close, and there were too many people. The President of the Board was apparently in an amiable mood, but every time she tried to get near enough to

was never sure afterward. The table with its garish poinsettias disappeared, and the silver Christmas tree that didn't look like a Christmas tree, but like an ornament out of a department store window. So did time. It was twenty years ago . . .

She and Timoteo had been preparing the house for the Christmas party in honor of the midyear graduating class. The class who were now sitting here eating chicken which was tough, and cranberry jelly which hadn't jelled. Henrietta Fredericks had come out from town to help. Elizabeth could see her. Setting up the wooden sheep and wooden donkeys on the altar in the musty chapel, as patient and as wooden as the animals themselves. Not asking for help that afternoon—never asking. But always needing it—always being denied. No candle of life for Henrietta!

Then it was evening, and the long hall of the Mallory house was cleared. The lights were put out—all but the candles which the Holy Family carried as they knocked at the inn doors, and chanted the age-old verses of the *Posados*, the Journey to the Inns.

The President of the Board had said that he didn't approve of such Christmas celebrations. He didn't exactly approve of the prayers in the chapel at midnight either—the chapel which had been built so that the workmen on the ranch might worship there after their own faith . . . which was not the faith of the Mallorys. But then the Mallorys had always believed in tolerance.

He had said that Christmas should be American—perhaps he meant like this: The President of the Board said that it must be non-sectarian. Elizabeth wondered, with a return of her usual humor, whether he would have considered the *piñata* sectarian. Blind man's buff, with canes to break the earthen-ware jar hung from the rafters, so that the presents showered to the floor, and then the rough and tumble after them. Elizabeth remembered that on that night twenty years ago only Henrietta Fredericks had been too stolid to scramble after her share of candies and nonsensical toys.

Henrietta! Why couldn't she forgive Henrietta? If only the speaker of the evening, whoever he or she was, would come and sit in that empty chair . . .

**D**istressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant," NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates surface circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. 40¢ each.



Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out  
of Bed in the Morning Barin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

**NO JOKE TO BE DEAF**  
**—Every deaf person knows that—**  
 Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.




*Artificial Ear Drum*

**THE WAY COMPANY**  
725 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

**NO MEMBERSHIP FEE.** Buy stamped goods and all accessories for embroidery direct from manufacturer at wholesale prices. Also opportunity for a few women to earn extra income representing GUILD. Send request now for FREE catalog!  
**EMBROIDERY GUILD, Dept. 147, 30 W. 15th St., New York, N.Y.**

**EXTRA LOW CUT-RATE WINTER PRICES!**  
**YARNS** SILK BOUCLE \$1<sup>39</sup> LB.  
 (All Colors)  
 Worsteis, Shetlands, Velveteens, etc. AT CUT-RATE  
 Prices! FREE Sample Cards, Needles & Knitting Bag  
 FREE with order. Mail-Orders promptly delivered. For 20 yrs.  
 F & K YARN CO., 85 Essex St., Dept. W-12, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Amazing values. Lowest prices.  
Buy direct. Orders filled  
promptly. Free instructions.  
**EXCELLA YARN CO., Dept. 1P, 1469 St. Nicholas Ave., New York**

Worsted, Bombs, Shetland Floss,  
Tweeds, Saxony, Velveteens, Novelty  
Yarns. Write for FREE Samples  
Satisfaction or Money Back.  
SUNRAY YARNS, 349 Grand St. (Dist. W. 13) N.Y. City

**YARN** Send for 400 FREE Samples  
Tweed \$2.75 — Shetland \$2.25  
All Flske & New Yarns \$4 lb.  
Choose from 40 assorted yarns.

**10 Yr. Guar.** **GIVEN TO YOU**  
Let us tell you how to obtain one of these gorgeous, Guaranteed Wrist Watches absolutely FREE OF ALL.

**-WANTED-**

Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.

**HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STORES**  
 5657 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. 24

Simply cleaning your teeth may keep them white—for a while. But when neglected gums bleed, come soft and spongy all the time, and half-way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth. Don't take that chance, start using Forhan's. It gives you double protection—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

## DOES BO

### SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.

**"A Woman may Marry  
whom She Likes!"**

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 11M, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

**LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK**

**Vaseline**  
White Petroleum Jelly

Prevents chapping and Chafing. Moisturizes Skin. Keeps it Soft and Supple. Ideal for all Winter Uses. Colic, Coughs and all other ailments relieved by its use.

**CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY**  
NEW YORK, U.S.A.  
MADE IN U.S.A.

**10 CENTS**

## BY RENE HAWKINS

There is no time—no time—to polish off a sonnet  
Of my love!  
And so, dumbly I stand,  
Bent over brown scarred board and coaxing iron,  
Smoothing your best white shirt.

talk to him, he was addressing a new group with one of his bombastic sentences, "Now, in my opinion . . ."

At last they were all seated. The class of 1915, who had grown from gaudy high school boys into pompous, pompous high school realtors, nose-glassed bankers, paunchy secretaries of the Chamber of Commerce and their wives. There was only one empty chair, across from Elizabeth next to the President of the Boston Association of Honor for the speaker of the evening, of course. Elizabeth remembered Julie's prophesy, and suddenly it seemed to her that the chair must be meant for Henrietta Fredericks.

Henrietta Fredericks! The ghost of Henrietta who had come back to haunt her.

Probably Elizabeth ate the food that was put before her. The warm fruit cocktail with the dark lumps of banana in it. The limp stalks of celery. The olives that tasted salty as tears. But she

The President of the Board got up "Ladies and gentlemen, friends and fellow classmates—although I did not have that pleasure, I feel that I can so address you." (Polite laughter)

Elizabeth was not listening, but now and then she heard a phrase, "The speaker of the evening—winner of the Nobel prize for literature—My surprise when he consented to stop off here on his journey to California and speak to you—ahem—on the education of the future—a subject that is very near to my own heart. When I wrote him I scarcely dared hope for such good fortune."

So Julie had been wrong! The empty chair was not for the plodding Henrietta but for a famous man. A Nobel prize winner who would speak on the future of education. Another modern, whose ideas undoubtedly coincided with those of Julie's oily Hippopotamus. A friend of his, probably—otherwise he wouldn't have

(Continued on page 15)



## Candle of Life

(Continued from page 14)

consented to stop off and speak at a high school class reunion banquet. Elizabeth's heart felt as heavy as if it were being dragged down by the lead weights in the creaking hall clock at the ranch.

The Hippopotamus was rubbing his hands unctuously. "Unfortunately, our distinguished guest has been unavoidably delayed. So while we are waiting for his arrival, we may—as you know to the subject of Miss Elizabeth Mallory, Miss Mallory, as you know, has faithfully served the cause of education—she—after her own fashion—for a great many years."

Elizabeth's cheeks turned a bright pink. She clutched her delicate handkerchief, that had been a gift from a grateful parent, as tightly as if it had been a stout parachute, the only thing between her and limitless space. She had expected humiliation—but not this! But none of them must know! None of them must guess how she was being hurt.

She sat up very straight. A little figure, in the old-fashioned black lace that she wore for every graduation and every reunion, with her grandmother's cameo about her neck. She was not good looking. Elizabeth had never had Julie's grace of face or figure. But she had a certain dignity, and it was not assumed. It was a dignity of the heart and the mind, and it set her apart from all the other guests at the reunion table.

The President of the Board was saying, "We have decided, in view of Miss Mallory's long service, to present her with a slight, but—she—handsome token of our esteem—"

Cheers and handclapping from the class of '15 drowned out the rest. But the time had come. He would bring out the fitted travelling case of the six pairs of white gloves that would have to be kept in his camp, unless Julie wanted them, and then he'd say, "Ahem—we on the board have decided that certain changes are necessary—" Elizabeth knew.

BUT he never got as far as certain changes. He was flushed crimson at the door. Two bell boys were there. And the hotel manager—class of '21—very official—He ushered in a young man in tweeds.

He smiled at them all. "I'm afraid I'm late. You'll have to blame it on the train, and you'll have to blame these on the train!" He gestured toward his tweeds, but as far as anybody there was concerned, he might have been wearing the brocade and satin that he so often wore, and carrying a sword instead of an old felt hat.

They all knew him as well as if he had studied English under Elizabeth along with the rest of them. He was the young actor-manager-playwright whose films were so glamorous that Hollywood producers tried to bribe him to stay on there, permanently. He was the actor-manager who had won prizes in drama one day—and starred in his own prize-winning play the next.

All at once the banquet was no longer a dull and tawdry affair in a hotel run by a member of the class of '21. It was high adventure. It was something to be remembered for a lifetime. Elizabeth's cheeks turned a deeper pink, and she found herself surreptitiously rubbing a bit of chamomile across her nose. If only she could have had this one last reunion at home, where Julie also could have been.

The young man didn't waste any time. He came straight to the point, just as he did in his plays. "I was asked here to talk on the future of education. The trouble is, I didn't have an education!"

He smiled at them again, and Elizabeth felt that a man with a smile like that didn't need to go to school. He had something infinitely more precious than that to be learned from books. "The only thing I can talk about is my experience. It may be a poor thing, as Shakespeare used to remind us, but it's my own, and I would not give it up for any other education!" From that moment on, he took them all into his confidence. The teller of the Lone

Star National Bank. The head of the Boost-the-Southwest Real Estate Company. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. The Hippopotamus himself. And their wives—if Elizabeth hadn't been so absorbed she would have been amused at their wives. They were preening themselves like peacocks on parade.

He told them how he had written one play. By a piece of luck it went over. For the first time in his life he found himself with dollars instead of pennies in his pockets. "But then, in a sense, I was no better off than I had been before. I didn't know why it had been a success! I was sure I couldn't repeat it. But, by another piece of good luck—I thought it was extravagance at the time—I hired a secretary."

"And, she turned out to be a doctor—not a secretary! She diagnosed my case. She told me how the internal organs of my play worked. Then she worked with me. She slaved, and she made me slave. I can tell you. But more important, she knew the background of literature. She knew how to use that background, as a set of fine-edged tools to carve out whatever I may have done since."

"She told me once, that English was the most valuable subject in any school, for any pupil. Prejudiced in favor of English as I am, I felt she was overstating the case. And then this secretary of mine wrote down a list of the professions. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, salesmen—There were twenty of them, I remember, but there are enough to illustrate her point. She said a doctor can get along without law. A lawyer does not have to have a knowledge of medicine but he does have to be able to address the jury. Every man who is earning a living, uses English every day in his life, whether he builds bridges or persuades the public to buy automobiles. Every woman uses it, whether she is a housewife or a great lady."

ELIZABETH was so astonished that she almost dropped her afternoon coffee. She had been listening to herself. She might have been exhorting sophomores or seniors to study English to realize its practical application in all walks of life. For twenty-five years she had said and believed these same things.

Now all her former English pupils were listening to them, as if they were hither-to-undiscovered jewels of wisdom, uttered by a prophet who had come for the express purpose of showing them this new road to learning. The Hippopotamus was nodding his head in agreement. It was undoubtedly saying to himself, "Here is exactly the method we need in our schools!"

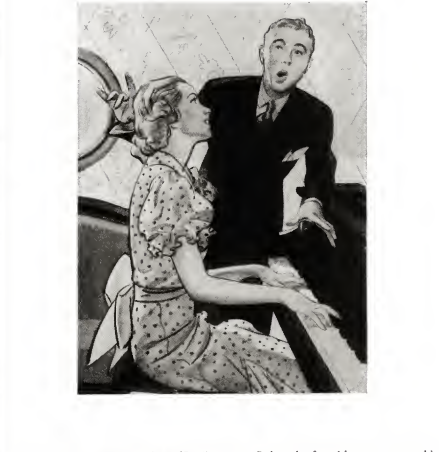
It is a remarkable woman, my secretary. The young man went on, "But I understand there is even a more remarkable woman in tonight. The one who taught my secretary—and through her taught me." He bowed toward Elizabeth. But still Elizabeth didn't understand.

"She is the real reason why I am here tonight!" He was addressing Elizabeth directly now.

"You see, Miss Mallory, I knew you the minute I came in. Black lace and cameo. She said you always wore them. I would have known you anywhere from her description. And with the permission of the rest of my hosts, I am going to ask you a favor. May I come to your Christmas celebration? May I have the privilege of watching the Journey to the Inn? Or of going to your little chapel at midnight?"

"You see—" he hesitated, and Elizabeth warmed toward his diffidence and friendliness. He was human. Thoughtful. Julie would like him. "—would like to use them in my next play, if my Henrietta—Henrietta Fredericks is my secretary—says I have never done anything half so dramatic in my life. The do not seem irreverent when I say that. I know the posados mean more than any drama" (Continued on page 17)

## JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS



"W.F. sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus. Old grads sing it at their class reunions. The young people sing it at home on their college vacations.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon.

But to silver-haired mothers who have run life's gamut, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham is well known in the history of American women.

She began her work in the line of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding was an iron kettle.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science, and her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

### Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

(On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their

sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others. We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. *Helps Nature to expel the system, thus lessening the discomforts which must be endured, especially during*

### The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

*"Seasonal Disorders"*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound

























## CHRISTMAS GIFT ETIQUETTE

A Talk to Girls by LORNA SLOCOMBE

AT Christmas time a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and etiquette. She would like to give her best beau a present—but should she? And what on earth does one give a young man anyhow?

First of all, let her be sure if she wants to give him a present. Certainly not, if he isn't giving her one. So if a card has arrived from him bearing the proper yuletide sentiments, she may assume that nothing more will be forthcoming. But it may be there has been no card in the mails, and she thinks he might be sending a gift, though she isn't sure. Let her remember that it is better that he should give and give, and she merely smile receptively and give nothing in return but sweet thanks, than for her to load him down with presents and obligations and embarrass him out of her life. However, if his present has arrived bright and early, beribboned, besprigged, and labeled Don't Open Until Christmas, let the young lady clutch her pocketbook in her hot little fist and go shopping for a present from her to him. And here's hoping she doesn't get him a necktie. Or anything to wear, for that matter. Men are quite, quite mad when it comes to new clothes. They hate all new things. They don't like women to buy things for them, and they never buy anything for themselves. They love their old things to distraction and the ragbag, and won't wear even the most necessary new clothes until after long preliminaries of hemming, hawing, prancing around the house, and seasoning in the closet. And granted that men are all a little nutty on the subject of clothes, a wise young lady will prudently evade the issue by letting them have their own way.

### Pipes Are Definitely Out!

Pipes are another thing no woman will ever understand. It is a constant source of astonishment to the feminine sex that a man could possibly be under the impression that he needs so many pipes. It is equally mysterious to her how he tells one pipe from another that looks just the same, and what difference it makes anyhow. If you are a wise young lady you will again leave the mystery unprobed and unsolved. If you are going to give your beau something in the smoking line, he will certainly appreciate a carton or so of his favorite cigarettes. Or a nice virile, capacious ash tray. If he uses a cigarette case, he'd probably like one from you, but avoid anything too tricky, or too colorful. Something simple and not too expensive, with room for plenty of cigarettes.

Nice big white handkerchiefs with a simple monogram are something a man never has too many of. Get him just a bit more expensive ones than he'd ever think of getting for himself. Another possible present with the personal note is a muffler for formal evening wear—he sure it's correct. But refrain from giving him Russian pyjamas, no matter how cute you think he'd look in them.

### Beware Sentimental Inscriptions

Books are always in the best of taste, and indicate that you have moderately serious interests in life. If he's in the least literary, a de luxe edition of a favorite author will be something he'll keep and appreciate always. If you wish to inscribe the flyleaf, it's quite (Continued on page 26)



## See if the Shade of Face Powder You Have Been Using is the Right One for You!

By Lady Esther

You think you can describe your complexion by calling it "fair," "dark," "pink and white" or "olive." You think you know just what shade of face powder goes with your particular skin.

But I want to give you the surprise of your life! I want to show you—at my expense—that you probably belong to the vast army of women who habitually use the wrong shade of face powder—a shade that never permits them to look their loveliest or their youngest!

The reason women make this mistake is that they choose face powder shades according to old-fashioned notions of "type." But you aren't a type. You're you—an individual! No two skins are alike. Even the same skin alters with the years, the seasons, the state of health. Doesn't this check with your own experience?

### There's Just ONE WAY to Tell!

The only way to find the most becoming, flattering shade of face powder for your skin now—is to try on all five basic shades. Any other way doesn't give your complexion the glow of chance to show which shade it demands.

I don't expect you to buy five big boxes of powder for this test, when one box will be all you'll need afterward. Just send me your name and address, and by return mail I'll dispatch all 5 shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge.

When the five shades arrive, do this: First, look at them all and, just for fun, guess which shade you think is most flattering to you. Keep that

shade in mind. Then try on every one of the five shades. Give yourself plenty of time. Be sure to remove each shade completely before you try the next. But the important thing is to try all five, before you make up your mind which is most becoming. Then compare the one you select by actual test, with the one you guessed at—you'll get the surprise of your life to find your guess was undoubtedly wrong.

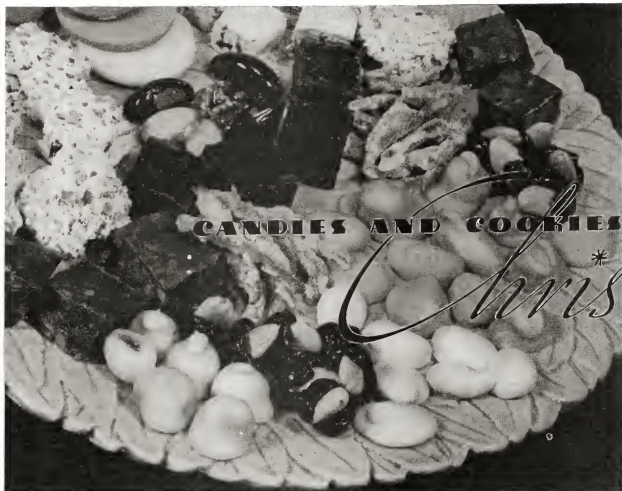
### Prepare for a Surprise!

Do you know what is quite apt to happen? A complete reversal of everything you thought you knew about yourself and your face powder shade. Why, thousands of women have told me that the shade they guessed in advance as the winner—didn't win at all! Often the winner has turned out to be the very shade they thought couldn't possibly suit them! This shade added life and vivacity not only to the skin but to their whole personality—and made them look years younger!

Write today for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Then make the test I suggest and see for yourself how right or wrong you have been in your selection of face powder shade. Mail coupon now!

(You can pass this on a penny postcard.)		(25)	<b>FREE</b>
Lady Esther, 2038 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois			
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.			
Name _____			
Address _____			
City _____ State _____			
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)			





## CANDIES AND COOKIES FOR

# Christmas

By LILY  
HAXWORTH  
WALLACE

Homemaking Editor

DELICIOUS HOME-MADE CANDIES—AND THEY'RE EASY TO MAKE, TOO!

Say Merry Christmas! with a box of home-made sweets

SAY it to the family—say it to your friends—to the young people who must spend Christmas far away from home—to the bachelor maid who has little time to fuss for herself—say it to almost anyone you know, for who will not welcome a Merry Christmas Greeting in the form of a gaily decorated package of your own home-made cookies or candies?

The containers are probably right at hand—those boxes and tins which you've been saving all year long though you really hardly knew what for—are just waiting to be commandeered in these last hurried days. Decorate the tins with bright enamel paints, stencil them if you like, or in the case of cardboard boxes transform them into treasure chests by covering with wall paper samples or wrap in bright tissues or cellophane, making generous use of paper ribbons and seals to complete their festive appearance.

Glass jars with tightly fitting covers (enamel these too) will be just grand for salted nuts—oh there are any number of ways of sending your greeting in such a sweet or spicy manner and with the least possible expenditure other than the time and thought which mean so much and really cost so little.

### Chocolate Fudge

3 tablespoons butter	½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	
3 cups sugar	1 cup broken nut meats or quartered seeded raisins, optional
2 tablespoons corn sirup	unsweetened chocolate

Combine butter, sugar, sirup, chocolate and milk in large heavy saucepan and cook to 225 degrees F. (soft ball), stirring only until sugar and chocolate are melted and removing with a dampened brush any drops of sirup which form on sides of pan. Cool to lukewarm (110 degrees F.) add vanilla and beat until fudge loses its glossy appearance and is firm enough to hold its shape when a little is dropped from spoon. Stir in nut-meats or raisins, if

used, and turn into oiled pan. Cut into squares when firm.

### Butterscotch

3 cups sugar	1½ cups water
½ cup light or dark corn sirup	6 tablespoons butter
	2 teaspoons vanilla

Combine sugar, sirup and water and cook to 220 degrees F. (medium crack) stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Add butter and continue to cook to 224-230 degrees F. (hard crack) stirring constantly after butter is added. Remove from fire, add vanilla and pour into oiled pan. Cool, mark into squares and break apart when cold.

### Almond Butterscotch

Stir gently into Butterscotch just before pouring into oiled pan 1 cup shelled unblanched almonds, slightly toasted in the oven.

### Scotch Kisses

Wipe small marshmallows and dip gently, one at a time, into the hot Butterscotch, lifting out with fork and inverting on oiled plate to cool.

### Marshmallow Coconut Squares

2 cups sugar	2 tablespoons butter
1 cup light corn sirup	16 marshmallows, cut small
1 cup milk	1½ cups shredded coconut

Cook sugar, sirup, and milk to 228 degrees F. (soft ball) add butter, then cool in pan till lukewarm (110 degrees F.) Stir in marshmallows and coconut and beat until creamy. Turn into oiled pan and mark into squares.

### Vanilla Caramels

1 cup sugar	½ cup light cream
1 cup light corn sirup	1 teaspoon butter
	2 teaspoons vanilla

Combine sugar, sirup, salt and half the cream in a large saucepan. Stir until boiling then cook gently to 220 degrees F. (thread) stirring frequently. Add butter and remaining cream, not more than a tablespoon at a time so as not to check boiling. Continue cooking, still stirring frequently, to 244-246 degrees F. for a soft car-

mel, to 248-250 degrees F. for a firmer texture. Add vanilla and turn into an oiled pan. (¼ inch deep.) Cut into squares when cold and wrap at once in waxed paper.

**Variations:** Stir in 1 cup broken nut-meats just before pouring. Stir in ½ cup shredded coconut just before pouring.

Flavor with 1 teaspoon maple flavoring in place of vanilla.

Flavor with maple and add 1 cup broken walnut meats.

### Salted Nuts

Blanched nuts	Salt
Oil	

Sprinkle nuts very lightly with oil, using not more than one teaspoon to a cup of nuts. Spread in one layer in baking pan and brown delicately in moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—stirring occasionally that they may color evenly. Sprinkle with salt after removing from oven and spread on crumpled unglazed paper to absorb any surplus oil.

### Puffed Cereal Nuggets

1 cup molasses	1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons vinegar	½ teaspoon baking soda
1½ cups sugar	3 cups puffed cereal

Combine first four ingredients, bring gently to boiling point, then cook until a little dropped into cold water becomes brittle—235-240° F. Remove from fire, add soda, stir until thoroughly incorporated, then pour over cereal in a large mixing bowl. Stir until all grains are coated, then drop by small spoonfuls onto waxed paper.

(Continued on page 27)

The Christmas spirit is brilliantly symbolized in these shimmering gift packages decked with wrappings, ribbons and transparent drinking straws of Cellophane cellulose film. Especially effective are the fan bow of pleated film, and the pompon of straws on the jolly jar.

Photo courtesy  
Carm Products  
Refining Co.













By Dr. W. M. Smalley







# At the Sign of the Falcon

(Continued from page 28)

Jaffray to meet some leniency himself. "An innocent man, says he. Look at him, your own hand and your own sword, before he would be received into our crew he had with his own hand to spill the blood of one of his own companions. And that he did and he took the Falcon's oath and was one of us. He lies to you and he lied to me. Put him on the rack, galls, and torture out of him the secret of where the Falcon's hoard is hidden—gold and rubies, moldores and pearls, my money, my treasure—of a hundred thousand pounds and more—" The Court listened with interest to Israel Mork's tirade, and conversed in whispers among themselves. But Jaffray Crewe was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and the spark of delight that appeared on Israel's face was shortly erased, for, in even swifter time, the Court imposed a like sentence upon him.

PENNOCK, who, apparently, was aide or secretary to the governor, came to see Jaffray shortly after he had been returned to his cell, while the jeers of the mob still rang unpleasantly in his ears. Pennock still looked like the prisoner came no answering smile. Pennock had come to gloat. It was in part for this reason that he had been the guard was sent out of the cell. Pennock said—

"You do not like the idea of death, Sir Jaffray?"

"I do not fear it."

"The penalty can be revoked. There is a man or you to save your head, and His Excellency has charged me with the mission of explaining it to you."

Jaffray was wary. Had not trust this morning Pennock perceived it.

"You need not fear. If you consent to this you will be taken at once to the governor and if you speak the truth, you will be given your freedom."

"What is it then you would have of me?" demanded Jaffray.

"The Falcon's treasure—hoard," said Pennock coolly. "Tell us on which of those islands it is hidden, explain the damned riddle on the chart and you will be given your liberty. Is it a bargain?"

Jaffray shook his head.

"No use! I do not know where the treasure is hidden nor can I decipher the chart. You offer me no chance of life, Pennock. Gladly would I give all the gold and gems in the world for my life—but as far as I am concerned this treasure is forever hidden."

"I think you lie," said Pennock. "You are a fool. This money would help your own country in the hands of the man for the supremacy of Canada. Are you such a traitor that you love gold better than your own life and better than your country?"

When the shadow of the gibbet grows deeper and darker, mayhap you will change your mind. I would not gain by it, you see, for I shall count Lady Barm to whom I have sent word of your capture, the thousand pounds she offered for your head."

"She is coming here!" said Jaffray.

"No doubt she will come to see her husband avenged. You seem eager for her coming. Perhaps you would ask her to intercede for you?"

"No. I do not ask such favors of a woman. You may see His Excellency that if I knew where the Falcon's wealth was hidden, I would gladly barter the knowledge for my life."

"Very good. But ponder well," sneered Pennock. "The knowledge may come to you. If so, you have but to summon the governor and ask nothing more."

Your confederate, Mork, swears that you alone know the secret. I do not think he lies."

"The wealth was left alone. He gave little thought to the Governor's offer. It meant nothing to him. Mork was insane. The Toad had told him nothing about the treasure, had not chosen to him save to hiss a few meaningless words at him as the uncouth creature sprawled over him and dabbed on his accursed pig-

ments. No, he could not buy his life that way. There was no escape now. A chill, a numbness seemed to touch his heart and slowly permeate it and from it to spread all through his body. Life—he clung to life and craved it—he, who of life's ecstasy, had known only a few full moments. Was there no way—no way to escape from this hideous place, to get away—

Thus, grimly, bitterly, with set and dogged men, he waited through the long hours. It must have been evening when she came; for he had heard the sunset glow and thought of other nights when his thunder would boom out and his ears would not hear it; how the world would go on just the same, and he not in it.

They had given him a candle—that he might have light in the few hours of life remaining to him. In the candle's dim radiance she looked, to him who had begun to live with death—she looked the personification of the life he loved and felt so sad to lose. She wore blue—blue that he had always loved. Her hair was a shower of gold and her face so sweet and pale, the eyes so large and darkly blue—

He stood before her, head bowed. She did not speak. The guard had closed the door upon them.

"It was good of you to come to me, Ardet'h," he said. "I hoped you would. I wanted you to. Yet I did not think I would come to Jaffray Crewe, but would rather watch his finish. I had to lie to you—I had to! If you had known who John Mallock was you would never have allowed him near you and thus

he died."

"It was good of you to come to me, Ardet'h," he said. "I hoped you would. I wanted you to. Yet I did not think I would come to Jaffray Crewe, but would rather watch his finish. I had to lie to you—I had to! If you had known who John Mallock was you would never have allowed him near you and thus he died."

Jaffray shook his head.

"No use! I do not know where the treasure is hidden nor can I decipher the chart. You offer me no chance of life, Pennock. Gladly would I give all the gold and gems in the world for my life—but as far as I am concerned this treasure is forever hidden."

"I think you lie," said Pennock. "You are a fool. This money would help your own country in the hands of the man for the supremacy of Canada. Are you such a traitor that you love gold better than your own life and better than your country?"

When the shadow of the gibbet grows deeper and darker, mayhap you will change your mind. I would not gain by it, you see, for I shall count Lady Barm to whom I have sent word of your capture, the thousand pounds she offered for your head."

"She is coming here!" said Jaffray.

"No doubt she will come to see her husband avenged. You seem eager for her coming. Perhaps you would ask her to intercede for you?"

"No. I do not ask such favors of a woman. You may see His Excellency that if I knew where the Falcon's wealth was hidden, I would gladly barter the knowledge for my life."

"Very good. But ponder well," sneered Pennock. "The knowledge may come to you. If so, you have but to summon the governor and ask nothing more."

not want you to. I—oh, believe me, I don't want to see you die. Even if your life can mean nothing to me. But you do not seem greedy for her you love me behind—this wife—"

"It is good for her—and she for me."

"She knows then? She knows and is not here—here with you, by your side, to have you fill her heart instant—"

"She is with me, Ardet'h."

"She is—"

"You are my wife—from the night at Craynor's carnival, you were my wife. 'Twas I and not Ives Baghote who went through the masked wedding with you. I thought it a mummery's play and I—"

"'Twas you! That night—"

"Aye; no other. I had but come from the duel with Baghote; I wore the identical costume; they forced me onto the platform. Hence, you see, it was no fruitless wager I made with Hyde. It was won as soon as made. And with its winning—"

"Your wife! All this time—that night aboard the Falcon; when you swam with me from the ship; in Quebec; all these long, fair weeks at St. Berthelot—your wife—and you—you did not claim me!"

"I dared not claim you. Ardet'h—not as Jaffray Crewe. But now—"

She came into his arms, flung herself against him and her skin quivered convulsively in his arms.

"Why—why did you not dare?" she sobbed.

"You must see this when, in just a few hours, I must lose you. I did appeal to the Governor, to everyone, before I came here. It is of no use. They tell me that you can buy your own release if you tell them where the pirate's wealth is hidden. You do not know, Jaffray?"

Court and all that had come after it—the night on the Falcon—"

The Falcon—on his arm, animated in the candle-glow—perched that grim and ghastly bird with the cruel bill and talons there it perched and looked at him with little eyes that in that wavering light seemed, fantastically, to glow like heated rubies. Its head seemed to move like a snake's. Its own mouth seemed to ruffle its plumage, seemed to mock at him.

"An accused thing!" he muttered. "You were the evil talisman that brought me to this—made of me another victim. You have dug up my bones, you talons into my heart and now you will tear the heart from me!" He clenched his fist, the arm-muscle swelled and the macabre fowl seemed again to live, to move its head, to ruffle its feathers.

Jaffray laughed nervously. The thing fascinated him. He had never before to gaze much on it before, hating the sight of it. Now it seemed like a companion, like a familiar, a demon that had been with him through all these months and had only now asserted itself. Did it gloat over him with those terrible, blood-shot eyes?—Did it revel in his wings with their strange blue points—strange blue points that idly he counted—thirteen—six—seven—the right; thirteen—six—eight—the left?

"Oh? God's mercy!" he cried. He bent closer, put his arm closer under the light, counted again—

Odd on the right

On the left even

Add then in front the mystic seven.

Blue lines on the falcon's breast—even—seven—eight—seven—on a chart with its numbered islands and this—the one on which the Falcon's hoard lay buried deep in the earth in a spot to be found by pacing north and east for eight, then seven paces—

The candle guttered out; he was in darkness and yet the darkness seemed him—the light of hope. He had it—thanks to the Toad's grim jesting, thanks to the evil Falcon—"

He summoned the guard and bade him, as soon as morning broke, to send word to the Governor that he must see him. The moment that he had been so swift seemed hours now and each fancied sound sent Jaffray to his feet.

THEY came for him at last and took him to the governor's office. Thereupon on the chart he pointed out the island, down near the tip of Cape Sable, that bore the number seven—eight—seven, and he explained the significance of the key and related the story of the money hidden there. It was clear. They struck the irons from him.

"And for your sake I am glad, Sir Jaffray," said the governor. "A man who can win such love from such a woman cannot be what we have made you out to be. Long hours she has stood with me last night—but I am not the law. She did storm and weep and I know not which way the woe went. I am not to sleep—until sleep o'ermastered her."

"Where then is she, sir?" asked Jaffray eagerly.

The governor walked to a door and opened it softly and beckoned to him. She was there, sitting in a big chair in front of the fireplace, with her feet on her arms, so like a sleeping child, her hair a golden tangle in the morning sunlight. Jaffray tiptoed in to her; the door closed behind him.

He touched her hair with his finger tips. "Ardet'h!" he called softly. "Ardet'h!" She lifted her head and stared at him an instant, then with a glad little cry she caught his hand in hers.

"Jaffray! I dreamed—dreamed that you were free, that I would see you always, that today you would ride with me—to our home—"

"A dream came true," he said. "A dream even fairer than a dream, my wife."

THE END

When Martha goes in for a sport, she goes whole hog or not at all

"I do not know, alas, my sweet."

The door opened. The guard told her that she must go now. She clung to the door, but the guard firmly he put her away from him and made her leave him. This for his own sake—he could not much longer watch the utter absence of her, once so proud, so cold; the complete surrender of her being to him. He could not long watch that, without playing the wretched hind, she was going to bitter sorrow, so bitter that it sickened him.

He could think no more of it—to be torn from her, firmly he put her away from him and made her leave him. This for his own sake—he could not much longer watch the utter absence of her, once so proud, so cold; the complete surrender of her being to him. He could not long watch that, without playing the wretched hind, she was going to bitter sorrow, so bitter that it sickened him.

That bright morning in Plymouth—the wager with Hyde—his return to Crewe

# Shirley Temple

## SENDS YOU THIS DOLL

It is the world's most famous doll—the world's most expensive doll, too—and it resembles exactly the world's most famous little girl—Shirley Temple. The laughing eyes, the sparkling teeth,

the curly, natural hair, the winning smile, the heart-breaking dimples are exactly like Shirley's. She's even dressed as Shirley appears in her latest pictures—and she stands 13 inches high.

### Officially Endorsed by Shirley—

and her mother, this doll comes to you in a special Shirley Temple box. Each doll wears a beautiful Shirley Temple button which you may fasten on your own dress, thus proclaiming to the world that you are the proud possessor of one

of these beautiful world-famous dolls. *Photo of Shirley Also* With your Shirley Temple doll you also receive a large 8" x 10" autographed photo of Shirley herself. It makes you feel good just to look at it.

### Christmas Offer Brings Famous Doll Without Cost

Xmas Offer No. 1D—Send us only 6 one-year subscriptions to Woman's World at 50¢ each and we will ship you this Shirley Temple doll FREE and postpaid. Subscriptions may be new, renewal or extension. Fill out coupon below. Write names and addresses of the six subscribers on a separate slip and enclose with coupon and \$3.00 in payment.

### EXTRA! EXTRA!

As a special reward for promptness we will send you in addition a booklet written by Shirley Temple entitled "The Story of My Life." The booklet is illustrated with pictures of Shirley at home and at play. So, hurry and get this extra reward.



# Here's the PICK of OLD SANTA'S PACK

## Let Woman's World Help with the Family Christmas—and Spare the Family Purse



Why not give Woman's World to your friends this Christmas and get these fine rewards free? There is nothing you could give that lasts as long or costs as little or brings as much enjoyment as a year of Woman's World. Christmas cards announcing the gift and bearing your name as donor will be sent to reach your friends before Christmas.

### Take Your Pick of These Presents

**Coty's Single Compact**—Latest design all metal solid-finished case beautifully burnished and looked. Ends finished in blue enamel. Equipped with mirror, puff and Coty's cake powder. A handsome and serviceable gift.

Gift No. 2836 postpaid for 3 subs at 50¢ each.

**Baby Browline Camera**—Rich, black model case, burnished metal fittings. New type view finder, daylight loading. Takes sharp, clear pictures 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches. Made by Eastman Kodak Company.

Gift No. 2065 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50¢ each.

**Cutex Manicure Set**—Consists of bottle of liquid polish, bottle of liquid polish remover, bottle cuticle remover and nail cleanser. Still white pencil, steel file, two emery pads, one orange wood stick, all packed in a handsome lined box.

Gift No. 1346 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50¢ each.

**Master Magic Set**—You can keep your company amusing and spellbound all evening with one amazing trick after another, that appear and disappear, bend that mysteriously vanish, coins that multiply themselves, etc., etc., whole box of paraphernalia, a whole book of tricks. Easy to learn, simple to do, but baffling to the beholder.

Gift No. 2875 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50¢ each.

**Eveready Flashlight**—A twist of the wrist diffuses light over a wide area or narrows it to a single penetrating beam. 6 1/2" high, nickel plated. Complete with two batteries.

Gift No. 5926 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50¢ each.

**De Luxe Bingo Set**—Handsome wooden markers for referee and players and sufficient cards for 15 to play at a time. Easy to play and full of thrills. Fun for an entire evening.

Gift No. 3195 postpaid for 1 sub. at 50¢ and the extra (see in all).

**The Parkerette Pen**—A standard make, famous Parker fountain pen. Parker patent tip insures smooth writing. Dip point in ink and press lever to fill. Size as in illustration.

**Burundy or Green.**

Gift No. 3118 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50¢ each.

**Drip-O-Lator**—The very newest design of this world-famous coffee maker. Capacity 6 cups. Vitreous china base. Aluminum water container.

Gift No. 2728 postpaid for 4 subs. at 50¢ each.

**Lapel Watch**—Made in the smart pentagonal shape, white dial, case finished in tan and handsomely burnished metal. Stem wind and set. Excellent time keeper.

Gift No. 2995 postpaid for 4 subs. at 50¢ each.

**Birthstone Ring**—Sterling silver, filigree mounting. Handsomely set with a colored synthetic stone. Be sure to give month desired. Sizes 5 to 10.

Gift No. 3845 postpaid for 1 sub at 50¢ and the extra (see in all).

**How to Measure for a Ring**—Just measure with a strip of paper the exact distance around the finger on which you intend to wear the ring. Second—Place this strip of paper on the ring scale at the bottom of this page one end to "A." The number nearest the other end is the size of your ring.

### GIFT COUPON

WOMAN'S WORLD  
461 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y.

I accept Gift Offer No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Enclosed is money in payment. Send merchandise as described, postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Coty's Single Compact



Baby Browline Camera



Cutex Manicure Set



Master Magic Set



Eveready Flashlight



De Luxe Bingo Set



Lapel Watch—Handsome Smart

Left—New Design Drip-O-Lator



The Parkerette, Standard Fountain Pen



Birthstone Ring

How to Determine Ring Size—See Description of Ring



MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY

## PRIZE-WINNER

Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette — Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is *your* throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.



Copyright, 1939 The American Tobacco Company

*Luckies*—a light smoke  
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"